

DRIVER HOTEL
✧ SYSTEM ✧

THE ROYAL

GEO. E. DRIVER, Prop.
E. J. TUCKER, Mgr.
OPELIKA, ✧ ALABAMA.

BORDEN - WHEELER SPRINGS HOTEL ✧

GEO. E. DRIVER, Manager.

Located on Seaboard
Air Line, Midway Be-
tween Atlanta, Ga.,
and Birmingham, Ala.

BORDEN SPRINGS STATION,
CLEBURNE COUNTY, ALA.

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SUITS

in the latest style,
Manhattan Shirts,
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R. M. GREENE, JR.,
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Something New Every Day

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Abbott's

Photographs Are All
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Watch this
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Orange and Blue

(ALABAMA POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, AUBURN)

Vol. XIII Auburn, Ala., October 17, 1906 No. 2

Published by a Board of Editors from the Senior Class.

Devoted to the General Interest of the College.

Entered at the Post Office at Auburn, Ala., as second class mail matter, in accordance with act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Subscription Rates, \$1.00 Per Year.

Address all matter intended for publication to the Editor-in-Chief.

Business communications should be sent to the Business Manager.

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Editorials

We are now plunged into the midst of mid-term examinations and it is the duty of every new man to do his best. This is the time when the first impression will be made. You owe your very best efforts to yourself, your parents and to your Professor. Let us all do our our best and come out on top.

At a recent meeting, the Junior Class voted down the Honor System until after the mid-term examinations. This was a very unfortunate move for them. Honor System ought not to be a class affair, but should be in force throughout all the classes. The whole atmosphere of the student body and college surroundings should be for honesty in the class rooms. It ought not to be so we could even hear the word "crib" during our whole college ca-

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reer. We have all got to put our shoulders to the wheel and bend all of our energies in order to bring about the necessary changes which should immediately take place. Let us stand for honesty always. Let us be just and true and look forward to the formation and perfection of our characters.

To the great sorrow and shame of our community, a number of freshmen were brutally hazed the first of this year. We hear of this awful occupation on every side. In a calm, cool manner, with an indifferent, almost facetious tone, as we imagine devils to boast of their orgies, the perpetrators of this dread crime speak abroad of their deeds. Boldly, brazenly, eagerly as if devoid of fear of detection they tell to all, even to those in authority, of acts, which, when reflected upon, cause the boldest cheek to pale with affright, the bravest feet to shake chilly in large, ponderous boots, the noblest hair to stand on end, as quills upon the fretful porcupine. They tell (oh, that we must repeat it), of innocent, guileless youths, fresh from parental apron strings awakened from sweet angelic slumber, and peaceful dreams of home and mother. They tell (oh, the shame that comes on us even as we write) of the negligé attire in which these seraphic sleepers are forced by the conscienceless villains, to promenade. They tell of songs, the very name of which, vulgar in the extreme, cause our blood to run cold, but which these demons cause our sweet youths to warble. We refer to those chants called "coon" songs and "ragtime." Have we not heard rumors of a dreadful chorus which causes us to speak slightly of our beloved paternal parent, telling us that he does no labor, but makes our mother and revered sister perform menial tasks? and have not guarded whispers reached us of a vulgar piece which has to do with a certain Rufus Rastus, and sundry matters of rent falling due, a piece only fit for the rabble? And yet these tenderly nurtured youths, these model young men, whose angelic voices we are sure were never raised before except in some secluded church far back in the piney woods,

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these cherubic lads are demoralized by such acts. Just think of it, ye patriots who have the future well-being of your country at heart, what far-reaching effects this will have on your descendants.

But this is not all. Not content with mental and moral degradation, these torturers of this modern Inquisition put our tender, delicate boys through a course of physical suffering. With weapons of huge size and awful shape, they work upon the tender bodies, the bodies not toughened by manual labor (we are sure the sweet lads have done no harder work than that of following a plow), lacerating them cruelly and fearfully. They are made to run races, to engage in undignified sports, to join societies blindfolded and upon their knees, by kissing sacred relics. Yea, all this and more.

But stop, you may torture a man mentally, morally and physically. You may almost kill him, but you must not call him names. And yet, what do these fiends do but give our simple, artless lad a name, loathsome, fearsome and repulsive. A name, the very sound of which will cause our revered female relatives to clutch their skirts, and leap for the nearest chair. I may whisper this awful name in the lowest, softest accents, but the echoes of shame will catch it, and, hurling it to the farthest limits of degradation, will cause it to rebound again and again, and to come back to us a thunderous, tumultuous peal that shakes the universe: R—A—T!!

I appeal to all peace-loving citizens, I appeal to all in whose bosoms the instincts of humanity hover, when I say, stop this awful practice. What matters it if their tender skins (alas, I have heard it termed "hide") is toughened for the purpose of that dread game of football? We do not wish to become football players. What matters it if it makes a man of our beautiful boys? They are more beautiful, innocent and guileless as boys.

There is no excuse for it. It must be stopped. Stopped before more football players are made; before more men are made.

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Literary Department

A FALL FROM GRACE.

The Professor of Forestry tipped his chair away from the table on which he was writing, threw one arm over its back, ran his fingers through his hair, and sighed. It was not a sigh of contentment, far from it; for one to look at the heap of examination papers on the table would be to realize that fact. The truth was that the Professor was tired—tired of examinations, tired of his assumed dignity, tired, as he expressed it “of the whole blamed business.” He felt that he must do something, or get away somewhere; that he could not stay cooped up on such a night as this. Searching his brain for some form of recreation, he suddenly hit upon an idea—he would “run around the track.” This time-honored form of exercise had helped him more than a few times in his student days, he remembered, and why could he not again make use of it?

So, coatless and collarless, his head covered with a well-worn disreputable slouch hat, he walked along the street, keeping always in the shadow. Luckily, however, he reached his destination without being challenged by vigilant seniors, and at once started around the track.

He found, however, that long disuse had robbed his limbs of their suppleness, and had deprived him of his boasted “wind,” so that when he reached the gymnasium, half way around the track, he was obliged to rest.

Upon the steps of the gymnasium he seated himself, and, his exhaustion being overcome, he was soon lost in contemplation of the scene before him. He saw the athletic field, around which he had run, stretching white and bare in the moonlight. On the right side of the field he saw a few houses, silhouetted against the sky, from which the moon and stars gave a radiance, making the whole scene as bright as day. On the left a little lower than the level of the field, was a dense grove of trees, beyond and above which showed a

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patch of dark sky. Before him, across the length of the field was the main building of the college, dark and grim and cheerless, resembling an old feudal castle, rising high above the campus, seeming to reach the sky, toward which it towered, throwing its gigantic shadow over a part of the bare field. The gymnasium, as he turned to look at it, seemed like a prospective of the larger building, and completed the four sides of the scene, and a beautiful scene it was, this bare field, stretching out before him, quiet, but with the quietness of a sleeping warrior, upon whose body we see marks and scars of numerous battles, long and terrible.

He was awakened from his reveries by the sound of footsteps and voices, coming toward him. They were almost upon him before he was aroused. There was no way for him to escape without being seen; so he stepped into the shadow of the gymnasium door, not wishing to be discovered in his undignified garb. He would only stay in the shadow until the owners of the voices passed, but to his dismay they, there were two, sat upon the steps, almost within six feet of him. The moonlight upon them showed them to be students of the college. They were armed with pots and brushes, and from the conversation, the Professor gathered that they were intent upon painting their class numerals upon the roof of the gymnasium. His first impulse was to stop them, but remembering his clothes, his dignity, the unseasonable hour, and the difficulty of explaining his presence, he refrained. The boys produced a ladder from some mysterious source, and, placing it against the wall, reached the roof. But alas, "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley:" a difficulty here presented itself. The roof was steep, and someone was needed to hold a rope which let the others down. The boys discovered this too late, and sadly clamored down the ladder, with, I regret to say, a few words that would not look well in print. All this was heard by the Professor, who, in the meantime, was thinking, or rather, remembering hard. He saw before him the dark night upon which he had set out to commemor-

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ate his class in just such a way; he saw before him the little group perilously perched upon the roof of the gymnasium; he felt, rather than saw, the difficulties of such a job; he felt the same pleasure as he did that morning when he saw in brilliant yellow figures the numerals 0—; and pulling his hat over his eyes, he stepped out of the shadow, with a venturesome "Let me help you boys."

Need it be said that, after the first surprises, his offer was accepted? He was again a boy working for the honor and the reputation of his class. The numerals were of another class, but the spirit which he put into the work was that of his class of 0—.

In the morning, in glaring figures, the class of 1927 proclaimed abroad that, although only freshmen, their spirit was the impregnable, unconquerable, invulnerable Auburn spirit, unswerving in its loyalty to its college and its class.

When, at the next faculty meeting, a motion was made to repaint the gymnasium, the Professor of Forestry spoke so vigorously against the movement that it was defeated.

*BOSTON VERSION OF "EVERYBODY WORKS BUT
FATHER."*

Everyone is busied with the performance of some variety of manual labor, with the exception of our distinguished progenitor,

Who reposes in a recumbent position throughout the day,

With his pedal extremities exposed to the bronze of the steam radiator,

Engaged in drawing nebulous material from a receptacle of mundane matter.

Our maternal mentor receives soiled lined for the purpose of cleansing,

And in this occupation I would also include filial Ann;

In fact, every one at our domestic habitat is engaged in some variety of manual labor, excluding, as primarily suggested, our distinguished progenitor.

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Sports

W. M. LACEY, Sporting Editor.

MARYVILLE AND AUBURN TIE UP.—TENNESSEE BOYS ARE QUITE HUSKY.

Last Monday afternoon in the first college football games of the season, the Maryville team played the Auburn Tigers to a standstill. When the whistle blew at the end of the last half neither team had succeeded in scoring a point. Although Auburn was three times in striking distance of Maryville's goal, hard luck and poor head work kept the Tigers from carrying the oval across for a touchdown. On one of these occasions with six yards to gain on the third down Fullback Lacey carried the ball within eighteen inches of Maryville's goal where the ball was given to Maryville on downs. Maryville punted out of danger where Auburn again took the ball and by steady gains through the line and around the ends, succeeding in bringing the ball within five yards of Maryville's goal, when the whistle blew for the end of the first half, and this without a doubt saved Maryville from a touchdown.

During the first half nothing but straight football was resorted to, and the new rules were not very much in evidence, except that the ten yard rule made end runs more tempting. In this half Sparkman on an end run covered thirty-five yards in grand style. With Moclure interfering and no one but Maryville's quarter between Sparkman and the goal Auburn missed a fine opportunity to score. Moclure blocked the quarterback but Sparkman tripped over "Moc" and fell.

In the second half the new rules were a little more in prominence than in the first half, Auburn successfully working the forward pass for nice gains several times. In this half Auburn was on the defensive more than in the preceding half, and the Auburn line proved itself equal to

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the occasion, Maryville being unable to advance the ball, relying mainly on Left-half Barr to "boot" the ball out of danger, which he never failed to do. The ball was in Tennessee boys' territory most of the time, and toward the latter part of the game with only a few minutes to play Auburn started down the field at about ten yards a clip, running Fullback "Lucy" several times in succession for big gains. Auburn was again on the right road for a touchdown when the time keeper's whistle intervened once more.

The features of the game were Sparkman's two end runs for 45 and 30 yards and Lacey's bucking. For Maryville Barr loomed above all the rest, his punting being exceptionally good. Taylor and Foster also showed up well in the backfield.

MARYVILLE.

AUBURN.

Hunt	centre	Davis
Smith	left guard	Pickett
Bayless	right guard	Holley, Batson
A. C. Samsell.....	left tackle	Gaunt
R. C. Samsell	right tackle	Penton
Magill	left end	Hughes
Henry	right end	Woodruff, Wilkinson
Taylor	quarterback	Moclure, Harris
Barr	left half back	(Capt) Whitner
Campbell	full back	Lacey
Foster (Capt)	right half back	Sparkman
Referee—Hill. Head lineman—Lynch. Length of halves, 20 minutes each.		

Auburn's defensive playing during the Maryville game was very good and only once did Maryville succeed in making the necessary ten yards. Auburn's offensive work was very good at times and would have been on a line with the defensive playing had it not have been for a few costly fumbles and a little bad headwork. However, a little hard practice will eliminate both of these faults.

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brilliant, and that Donahue's bunch was the hardest proposition he had been up against. Maryville played Tech a 6 to 6 game, and Alabama defeated them 6 to 0. Although Auburn and Maryville tied, Auburn gained more ground against Maryville than did either Tech or Alabama and also held Maryville down closer, Maryville making first down but once.

"Here's good luck to Maryville, and hoping they will come back again."

The Varsity Training Table will start next week at Donahue and Bragg Cafe.

Join the Auburn Athletic Association.

A cordial invitation is hereby issued to all the professors, post-graduates, instructors, all students from Sub-Fresh to Seniors, town people, merchants and all to come out and watch the practice every evening, but don't go on the field. It is gratifying that very few of the students go on the field. Let's have a clear football field every evening. The only way is for everybody to keep off.

MARYVILLE'S BUNCH.

The team that represents Maryville is quite a husky bunch, and beside all of the members of the team being good football players they are all gentlemen. Their conduct in the game and on the street made an impression on the students here that will remain for quite a while. Although the Maryville boys may not win all their games, their gentlemanly conduct will make an everlasting impression, where brilliant playing would soon be forgotten.

The rooting during the Maryville game was very good, and the presence of the Cadet Band also tended to inspire the students. Let everybody come out and yell at the practices as well as at the games, and when the games come everything will be "organized."

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MONTGOMERY VS. AUBURN.

On Saturday, September 29th, we played our first game of the season, Auburn winning from the Montgomery Grays by a score of 10 to 0. The playing was a little slow on account of the warm weather and lack of practice by both teams. The Montgomery team played a strong defensive game and broke up Auburn's plays very frequently. Montgomery was unable to advance the ball very much and relied mainly on McQueen's punting. The individual playing of the Grays was very good, "Runt" Perkins and the three Patersons doing good work. In the Montgomery line-up were a great many Auburn men, there being "Runt" Perkins, Will, Jim and Haygood Paterson, Henry Booth, P. Pierce, Finch and Holley.

MONTGOMERY.

AUBURN.

Holley	centre	Davis
Booth	left guard	Pickett
Locke	right guard	Everett, Batson
Paterson, Jno.	left tackle	Gaunt
Paterson, W. (Capt) ..	right tackle	Penton
McQueen	left end	Hughes, Harris, G.
Pierce	right end	Woodruff, Reynolds
Finch	quarterback	Moclure, Harris, B.
Herndon	left half back	Whitner (Capt.) Watkin
Paterson, Jim	full back	Lacey, Riddle
Perkins	right half back	Sparkman, Hill

Referee—Hill. Umpire—Wilkinson. Halves—15 minutes. Auburn, 10; Montgomery Grays, 0.

NEWS OF THE QUEEN.

"How fareth the Queen my Lord?"

"Tis well, she's in the garden reading."

"Has she a paper?"

"Yea, verily, forty sheets of the Orange and Blue."

"Tis well; for had she read aught but this worthy pamphlet the brightest mind in all Christendom would have been sorely ruined with poor literature."

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SOCIAL NEWS.

R. H. DRAKE, Social Editor.

On Saturday evening, October 6th, the Websterian Society entertained their friends at a reception in their hall. Several professors made speeches all bearing on the good work the societies are doing among the student body. Ices and cakes were served by the Society.

Have your prescriptions filled at Toomer's.

Miss Mary Casey is visiting her sister, Mrs. Walter Glenn, at Birmingham.

Two of the old students, Messrs Ed. Joseph and Alex. Hannon, of Montgomery, came up to the football game on Monday between Auburn and Maryville.

Kid McEnery, of Bessemer, visited friends here Monday.

We are in business at the Kandy Kitchen corner. Fresh line of drugs, candies, tobaccos, toilet articles. Reynolds and Holley.

Mr. Frank Cawthorn, of Selma, was in town for a few days last week.

Dr. Drake went to Montgomery Wednesday.

Miss Lida Lane, of Virginia, is visiting her father, Gen. Lane.

We handle Kahn's clothing; once worn no other accepted. Reynolds and Holley.

Good for the A. P. I.—600 students.

Mrs. Lipscomb's luncheon on Thursday morning in honor of Mrs. Carroll of Jacksonville, Fla., was a most enjoyable occasion.

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Toomer's is the only drug store that has a registered pharmacist.

Mr. Crumpton stopped over in Auburn last Tuesday.

Toomer is agent for Nunnally's fine candies.

SUPPLEMENTARY HISTORY.

One evening Robinson Crusoe,
Was trying to sing like Caruso,
But his man Friday said,
With a shake of his head,
"Oh, Robinson, why will you do so?"—Ex.

Some have advanced the theory that Auburn beef steak was a compound with some of the characteristics of India rubber. The theory is no longer advanced—a piece was found Sunday morning with three shoe buttons in it.

He kissed her on her rosy cheek,
It seemed a harmless frolic.
Now he's been laid up for a week—
They say with "painter's colic."

Dr. Petrie—(To a freshman)—Give me the principal parts of some first conjugation verb.

Freshman (Punching the man by him and asking, "What is it?" and after getting the quick reply "damnfino" he responded) "damnfino, damnfinare, damnfinavi, damnfinatum."

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The Cadet Band



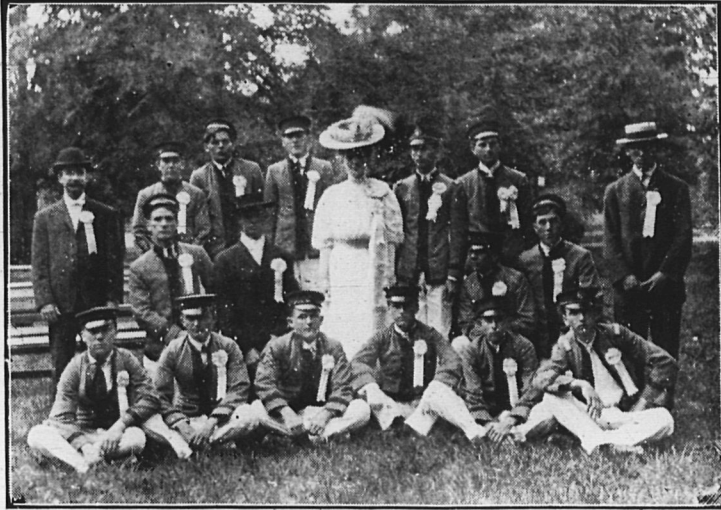
The organized fuss-makers, nee the Cadet Band, has started on the tenth year of its career at this Institute and promises to be one of the best in the history of the College.

We have back with us, twelve members of our last year's most efficient crew and one of our 'prodigals' who has been away for the past two years; in the new members, we have a bunch from which much is expected, all having shown themselves to have that quality of musical ability characteristic of 'Our Sons of Auburn.'

At this writing we have twenty-six members enrolled in this organization.

For the past nine years the instruction of this department has been under the direction of the founder of this Art at this Institution, Prof. M. Thos. Fullan, who organized the band 'on his own hook' simply from his love of music, and the contributions of his friends. Because of the great increase in the number of students attending college his work in the Engineering Department has been increased and now

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Prof. Fullan has assisted us greatly in 'getting started' this year and we are now playing our usual heavy programs.

We hope to take many trips in and out of the State this year and will be ready to handle, most efficiently, any style of music desired. Our repertoire consists of over two hundred pieces of standard music.

A. L. THOMAS, Bandmaster.

FIVE COMPANIES.

The Battalion is now composed of five companies, instead of four, as heretofore. This change was because of the very large number of students enrolled this year. The following is the recent assignment of officers and non-commissioned officers:

To the Staff:—Cadet Captain N. B. McLeod, Clarke County, Adjutant; Cadet Captain E. W. Thornton, Talladega County, Quartermaster; Cadet Sergeant R. H. Liddell, Wilcox County, Sergeant Major; Cadet Sergeant J. T. Moore, Georgia, Quartermaster Sergeant.

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NEVER SATISFIED.

"Man wants but little here below,"
 As has been said before,
 The "little" man keeps wanting though,
 Is just a little more.—Ex.

IN E. M.

Prof. Mich (writing on the board) $24 \div 2 \cdot 3$ equals 24.666.
 Mr. Tich—Prof. didn't you leave off a six.

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MILITARY MATTERS.

On Wednesday morning, October 10th, the student body was given a rare treat when they had the opportunity of seeing Colonel Patrick in his new olive drab army uniform. However, the students were still more surprised during the day when the Colonel appeared in his blue togs again. He was forced to change during the day, as the chilly wind percolated through the pores of his olive-drab uniform with great velocity.

Cadet Sergeant McDonald appeared in his chevrons Monday morning. As Sergeant McDonald has quite a military figure, his chevrons were all he needed to put up a very commanding appearance.

Whereas, Almighty God has seen fit in His infinite wisdom and justice, to take from our midst, in the beginning of a life of promise and usefulness, our esteemed and beloved classmate, Mary Susan Samford; be it

Resolved, That we hereby manifest our sorrow and grief at the loss which we, as the class of nineteen hundred and seven, have suffered.

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our deceased class-mate our deepest sympathy in this, their hour of grief.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the Orange and Blue, and a copy sent to the family of the deceased.

COMMITTEE.

THE REASON THEREOF.

She jilted him, but he could not
 Forget her; no poor man,
 The gifts he had made her he had bought
 On the installment plan.—Ex.

Edd Smith—What would you do if you were in my shoes?
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Col.—What are you doing with that jug Mr. Perdue?

Perdue—Why that's a bird cage.

Col.—Bird cage?

Perdue—Sure; its full of swallows.

“Skew ball has a new step he beats on the drum. He calls it the “C—D—” step, and says that it is hard to beat.

STINGY.

He loves to spend a pleasant hour
With pretty lady friends;
But all the girls are getting sour
For that is all he spends.—Ex.

IN C. E.

Gen. Lane—“Mr. O, if a rod that is homogeneous throughout is suspended from the ceiling and a weight attached at the lower end, where would it break?”

Mr. O—“At the weakest point, Gen.”

Wallace Pat—Nonsense; this little exhilarating shower won't prevent my playing football: besides I need the exercise.

Room mate—But they are not going to have practice this afternoon and anyhow there is going to be an important meeting of the Literary Society at 6 and you must be there.

Wallace Pat—What, in all this downpour? Don't you know I'd catch pneumonia if I budged from the house?

“The coach's honeymoon is over.”

“What makes you think so?”

“When they go out together on a rainy day now, each carry their own umbrella.”

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WANTS AND FOR SALES.

For Sale—Brass in large quantities—Apply to R. J. Swart, Jr.

Wanted—Some one to listen to his “gab”—“Zip” Sommers.

Wanted—The Senior Mining Class to report to “Elec”—Dr. Richardson.

For Sale—A second-hand uniform. Dark blue color, trimmed in black braid. Cut for a man 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weight 110 pounds, with very erect figure, large chest and wide, square shoulders—Apply at Commandant's Office.

Wanted—To be a butcher's son—J. T. Pearson.

Wanted—A new saddle.—Dr. Drake.

Wanted—A new engine to help put up—Junior and Senior Elec. Course.

Reward, \$1,000.00—To any one who has ever heard Red Prowell tell the truth.—Faculty.

“By the way, talking of Mike Bulger's face, old chap, perhaps you didn't know that he always shaves himself.”

“No, I didn't. Doesn't he trust Pomp?”

“Oh, yes; but Pomp won't trust him.”

“Why does a human being laugh?” inquired student No. 1.

“Usually,” answered student No. 2, with a weary air, “to avoid offending a friend.”—Dr. Petrie.

In the course of life we shake many hands—and many people.—Ex.

Rat—What's that Mr. McLeod says when he goes out in the evening? Attention to little incidents?

WANTS AND FOR SALES.

For Sale—Brass in large quantities—Apply to R. J. Swart, Jr.

Wanted—Some one to listen to his “gab”—“Zip” Somers.

Wanted—The Senior Mining Class to report to “Elec”—Dr. Richardson.

For Sale—A second-hand uniform. Dark blue color, trimmed in black braid. Cut for a man 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weight 110 pounds, with very-erect figure, large chest and wide, square shoulders—Apply at Commandant's Office.

Wanted—To be a butcher's son—J. T. Pearson.

Wanted—A new saddle.—Dr. Drake.

Wanted—A new engine to help put up—Junior and Senior Elec. Course.

Reward, \$1,000.00—To any one who has ever heard Red Prowell tell the truth.—Faculty.

“By the way, talking of Mike Bulger's face, old chap, perhaps you didn't know that he always shaves himself.”

“No, I didn't. Doesn't he trust Pomp?”

“Oh, yes; but Pomp won't trust him.”

“Why does a human being laugh?” inquired student No. 1.

“Usually,” answered student No. 2, with a weary air, “to avoid offending a friend.”—Dr. Petrie.

In the course of life we shake many hands—and many people.—Ex.

Rat—What's that Mr. McLeod says when he goes out in the evening? Attention to little incidents?

The Stubbornness of Bobby

E. T. COLLIER.

Bobby Green was obstinate. This adjective was descriptive of his dominant trait, and in fact, of his only apparent trait. His perverseness was perhaps due to the fact that he was the spoilt darling of rich and indulgent parents. But then, he was a senior in B—— University, a big Eastern college, and was supposed to know better. It was almost stubbornness alone that had kept him alive, until, when at college, he chanced to take an interest in athletics. True to his nature, he had kept doggedly at his training despite the scoffs and ridicule of his classmates, and the censure of the coaches, and had been rewarded by not only winning the mile run in his junior year, but even lowering the college record for that event.

In his senior year the constant training had told on his physique, and he was now a man "from top to toe," holding the admiration of the adoring under-classmen, and the equally adoring fair sex. But, to Bobby's mind, there was one of the fair sex whose adoration was wanting, and that one was Miss Dinah Hatfield. Miss Dinah, to say the least, was—well, lovable, and even Jack Smith, Bobby's roommate, and the most confirmed woman-hater in college, had willingly conceded that she was "not bad."

It was Miss Dinah who had first interested Bobby upon the subject of athletics by her enthusiastic championing of the giants of the gridiron, track, and diamond, and it was at her feet that her disciple's laurels were laid. Bobby's pluck had won her approval, his achievements had won her admiration, and himself had won her—but we will see about that. The climax was reached when the memorable mile race was run, when in her joy over his victory, Miss Dinah had allowed him to humbly beg of her to take charge of his prizes, etc., (though he did not use these exact words) and she had answered that it would

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give her the greatest pleasure to do so, though she did not speak exactly as was written, and not in such an undemonstrative manner. Inspired by his sweetheart, Bobby felt himself able to accomplish Herculean tasks, and in view of this fact he planned to raise himself even higher in her estimation by winning the event in the great intercollegiate meet.

The training for this contest began in the dead of winter, and in spite of the cold, sore muscles, and other impediments that usually accompany preparation for anything in the way of college athletics, would have gone along smoothly had it not been for Ryan.

Ryan was the new trainer, an unknown quantity to most of the boys—a big, quiet, impassive fellow, whose heavy jaw had an unpleasant way of protruding whenever he was crossed or disobeyed in his orders—which was not often.

It was no more than natural that such natures as his and Bobby's should clash, and clash they did, Ryan always making the spoilt senior comply with his demands, however. These altercations caused Bobby to hate the new trainer more and more, and sometimes he could hardly be restrained from fighting Ryan.

It was directly after one of these brawls with Ryan, about three days before the meet, and Bobby was in a particularly ugly mood.

He strolled into a confectioner's to order some candy, which he meant as an offering to Miss Dinah, when he met Ryan.

Bobby gave him a curt nod of recognition, and passed into the shop, but Ryan, upon the lookout for training-breakers, and seeing in Bobby a possible culprit, watched him. The boy began to pick out the candy, when Ryan, mistaking his intention, walked into the shop with a hurried "Hold on, there."

"None of that, young man," he remarked quietly, touching Bobby on the shoulder and pointing to the candy.

Something in his manner irritated the "young man," or else he was exasperated by the remembrance of something

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in their quarrel of that evening, for he broke away from the man with a vicious "Go to —." The despot glowered at his rebellious subject for a moment as if he were about to strike him, then controlled himself and growled out gruffly, "You know the penalty for breaking training, or eating anything except at the training table."

Bobby was not breaking training, but as he had said before, he "was not going to take anything from that Irishman," so he answered with a savage snarl, "I'll eat what I please."

"You'll eat just what I tell you, or nothing," almost screamed Ryan, getting angrier, and Bobby, like a stubborn child, retorted, "Then it'll be nothing."

"We'll see," rejoined Ryan, with a contemptuous snort.

The "we'll see" stung Bobby, especially when coming from Ryan, and he determined to keep his word, and "Bobby with his mind made up is worse'r'n a balky mule," Smith had said.

That night Bobby was missing from the training table, as he was during every meal from that momentous Saturday of the quarrel to Tuesday, the day for the race.

At first Ryan refrained from summoning him, thinking that at the next meal hunger would drive him back. After that, as the lad did not make his appearance, Ryan looked him up, with the intention of dropping him if he did no heed the voice of reason.

At first he ordered, then entreated, Bobby to give in for the sake of the college, but he was either met with surly answers or a dogged silence.

The trainer left him, determined to let him take his own course and make a laughing stock of himself in the race, but to enter Smith, who was the next best miler, also.

The day for the great meet dawned bright and clear and warm, and the hopes of the men rose with the thermometer, but promptly fell when they saw Bobby, on whom they were depending for one event. There were whispers of broken training, and the old grads, who had come in for the races, sorrowfully shook their heads, when they were told

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that he would run for the championship. He was haggard and his eyes were sunken, and he looked fit for anything but a championship race.

He was deaf alike to the encouraging remarks of the B—men, and the stinging taunts of the others, as he stepped on the track and made ready for the starter's pistol. There was a grim look on his face, and a strange sinking at his heart as he thought for the first time of Dinah. He had wanted to win the race for her, but now, Crack! went the pistol and with cheers from both colleges a line of thinly clad athletes leaped into motion.

Hardly caring what he did, Bobby took the lead. As he ran he looked around the track, at the college boys crowded near the ropes, shouting encouragement at their men and at the group of buggies and coaches which held the visitors. In one of these sat Dinah. He wondered where. Did she hope he would win?

Four times he must pass her, and he thought, with a grim little half smile, of how she would feel when in his weakened state, he would be farther behind at every lap, if he did not drop out altogether.

The first time around he began to feel the effects of his abstinence. From being in the lead he was now one of the last in the bunch, and his stride was weakening.

Why had he acted like a fool? If Ryan had only treated him like the child he was.

A sight of her would have helped him, he thought, and he searched the group of carriages with his eyes but could not find her.

Again around. Farther behind the rest he was, and he felt his wind leaving him. He was weakening.

Again that searching glance, but still she was not there.

He jogged on around the track again. He was now painfully distressed, and the hooting crowd of the rival colleges drowned the half-hearted attempts to cheer him on the part of his own men. He was far behind the nearest man, and losing at every weak stride.

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Exchange Department

E. T. COLLIER—Editor.

If college professors ought to be paid \$15,000 a year, as one of them argues in a magazine, what in the world shall we have to pay for halfbacks.—Exchange.

Yale has a \$5.00 season ticket, which entitles the holder to be admitted to all home games in football, track and base ball.—Exchange.

Couldn't that work here?

F—ierce lessons,

L—ate hours,

U—nexpected company,

N—ot prepared.

K—icked out.—Exchange.

About now we may expect the green freshman to look yellow, feel blue, and complain of a dark brown taste.

The University of Wisconsin has abolished hazing, by substituting for it a students' advisory committee, to which is reported all cases of extreme freshness. This committee acts promptly.

A little whiskey

Now and then,

Will tangle up

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In speaking of their football schedules, the students of the University of Alabama venture to assert that they should take all the games with the exception of the one with Vanderbilt. Haven't we got something to say about that?

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THE UNEXPECTED.

Pay your subscription
 When it falls due,
 For the poor editor's
 Pleasures are few.
 Hand him a dollar,
 Boost him a bit.
 Then you will see him,
 Fall in a fit.—Exchange.

It seems that Yale coaches are at a premium in the South this year. Well, we know what they can do. So do others, for instance, Mr. Heisman, etc.

A DISSATISFIED SUBSCRIBER.

I hereby offer my resignashun as a subscriber to your paper. It being a pamphlet of such small konsewunce as not to benefit my family by takin' it. What you need in your shete is brains and sumone to russel up news and rite edditorals on live topikis. No menshun has been made in your shete of me butcherin a polan chiny pig wayin' 396 lbs or the gaps in the chickens round here. You ignore that I bot a bran new bob sled and that I traded by blin mule an say nuthin about it. Hi Simpkins' Jersey calf brakin its two front legs fallin' in a well, two important shiverees have been utterly ignored by yure shete and a 3 colum obitchuery notis writ by me on the deth of grandpa Henery was left out of yure shete to say nuthin of the alfabetical poem beginnin' A is for And and also for Ark, writ by ray 'dawter. This is the reason yure paper is so unpopular in our town. If you kant rite eddytorals and a'int goin' to put no news in yure shete we don't want it. If you print the obitchuery in yure next I may sine again for yure shete.—Exchange.

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An applicant for the post of mistress in a country school was asked: "What is your position with regard to the whipping of children?" She replied: "My usual position is on a chair with the child held firmly across my knees, face downward.—Exchange.

The training table problem is a serious one at most of the larger colleges of the south this fall. It has been abolished altogether at some places, while at others experiments of all kinds are being made. In fact, at almost every institution new departures in this line are being effected.

I now my pen in hand do take,
To tell this fact to all:
The evening falls, but doesn't break,
The morning breaks but doesn't fall.—Exchange.

THE MELANCHOLY DANE.

Polonius—What do you read my lord?

Hamlet—The best on earth—The Orange and Blue—better subscribe.

COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

Baptist Church—Rev. Edwards, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 11 and 7 o'clock. Sunday School 9:30. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7.30.

Methodist Church—Rev. C. A. Cornell, Pastor. Preaching services every Sunday at 11 and 7 o'clock. Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. Epworth League every Sunday at 6:30 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Sunday School every Sunday at 9.30 a. m.

Episcopal Church—T. J. Beard, D. D., Rector. Preaching services 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 o'clock. Sunday School at 9.30 o'clock.

Websterian Literary Society—R. H. Liddell, President.

Wirt Literary Society—N. B. McLeod, President; R. J. Stewart, Vice-President.

Y. M. C. A.—W. L. Perdue, President; meets in Y. M. C. A. building every Sunday at 3 p. m.

Fraternities—In the order of their establishment at Auburn: Phi Delta Theta, Alpha Tau Omega, Kappa Alpha, Signia, Alpha Epison, Sigma Nu, Pi Kappa Alpha, Kappa Sigma, Theta Nu Epsilon.

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Jos. H. Smith, Cashier.

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Opelika, Ala.

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Surplus and
Profits \$30,000.00
Deposits over.... \$400,000.00
Resources over.. \$500,000.00

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In Lee County**

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Give us a call.

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S. A. DOWDELL**

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Will do your
**Pressing and
Cleaning**

At reasonable prices
All your pressing
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him on Main street
right above Toomer's

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Staple and Fancy
Groceries.**

AUBURN, ALABAMA.

J. F. HEARD

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HOT PEANUTS EVERY DAY



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South 8th St. Opelika, Ala.

Invites you to call and
see his large stock of
the latest novelties
Watches of all kinds.

Watch repair work a specialty

A. C. CARTER

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CARTER & FOSTER

(Next to Thomas Hotel)

Cleaning and
Pressing

Membership \$1.00 Per Month
Cleaning and Pressing 75c
Pressing 40c.



Doubled!

WE are supplying
Uniforms to
double the num-
ber of Colleges
this year that we
did last.

Quality and Price Tell

Our Equipments also
Lead. Catalogue,
prices, etc., forwarded
promptly on request.

THE HENDERSON-AMES CO.

Kalamazoo, Mich.

W. B. Gullatte

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Stabilities and Festivities

Exchange bought and sold

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E. RENFRO, Prop.

Drinks

Frank A. Robertson, Prop.
Robt. H. Witsell, Chief Clerk

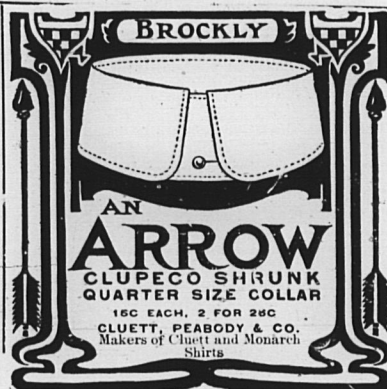


Watch for Their Ad in Next Issue

E. RENFRO, Prop.

Drugs, Toilet
Articles and all
Kinds of Cold
Drinks

Frank A. Robertson, Prop.
Robt. H. Witsell, Chief Clerk



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our work.

Plain and Wool-
en Shirts - - 10c

Stiff bosom and
Pleated Shirts 12½c

Collars @ - - 2c

Cuffs @ - - 4c pr.

1 week washing, in-
cluding 2 shirts, 2 suits
underwear, 2 handker-
chiefs, 2 pair socks, 2
collars, 2 towels, for
40c.

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Auburn, Alabama

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DRAWING MATERIALS

and Surveying Instruments
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When In Opelika Come To See Us

We have the only exclusive Gents' Furnishing Store in the city and will always be pleased to have you inspect our large, complete and up-to-date line of Clothing and Men's Furnishings. ❧ ❧

Hollingsworth, Schuessler & Norman

"The Man's Store"

OPELIKA,

ALABAMA.

AUBURN Is Growing MY BUSINESS IS GROWING

SUITS

Remember I am carrying a good line of these suits this year. Prices ranging from \$9.00 to \$14.00. Also a nice line of BOYS' SUITS.

SHOES

All the latest styles in Crossett and Bostonian \$4.00 and \$5.00 cuts and a new shoe made by Crossett called the Abbot Shoe \$3.50. You can get the above shoes in Gun Metal, Vici, Patent and Box Calf. In fact I keep the largest line of shoes to be found in the large cities.

A FRIEND TO THE BOYS

If I haven't got what you want remember I can get it for you as I keep in close touch with the commercial world.

Cravenette Rain Overcoats, something good in this line and also have Rain Coats from \$4.00 and upwards.

Headquarters for Gents' Furnishings, Notions, College Souvenirs and sporting goods. In fact everything that is kept in the Habberdasher line.

Special attention to Mail Orders.

Yours to serve

T. A. FLANAGAN, ❧

AUBURN, ❧
ALABAMA.

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T. A. FLANAGAN,

AUBURN,
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Alabama Polytechnic Institute

COURSES OF INSTRUCTION: The courses of instruction include the Physical, Chemical and Natural Sciences, and with their applications; Agriculture, Mechanics, Astronomy, Mathematics, Civil and Electrical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Drawing, English, French, German and Latin Languages, History, Political Economy, Mental Science, Physiology, Veterinary Science and Pharmacy. There are eight degree courses: (1) Civil; (2) Electrical; (3) Mechanical; (4) Mining Engineering; (5) Agriculture; (6) Chemistry; (7) Pharmacy; (8) Latin Science.

LABORATORY INSTRUCTION: Laboratory instruction and practical work are given in the following departments: I, Chemistry; II, Engineering, Field Work, Surveying, etc.; III, Agriculture; IV, Botany; V, Mineralogy; VI, Biology; VII, Technical Drawing; VIII, Mechanic Arts; IX, Physics; X, Electrical Engineering; XI, Veterinary Science; XII, Mechanical Engineering; XIII, Pharmacy; XIV, Mining Engineering; XV, Horticulture; XVI, Entomology.

ATTENDANCE: The attendance last year was 580, representing twelve States and two foreign countries; 64 counties of Alabama being represented.

LOCATION: The College is located in the town of Auburn, sixty miles east of Montgomery, on the line of the Western Railroad.

BOARDING: The College has no barracks or dormitories, and the students board with families of the town of Auburn, and thus enjoy all the protecting and beneficial influences of the family circle.

EXPENSES: There is no charge for tuition for residents of Alabama. Incidental fee per half session, \$2.50; library fee per half session, \$1.00; surgeon's fee per half session, \$2.50; laboratory fees in junior and senior years, \$5.00 per session; board per month, \$12.00 to \$15.00. At houses rented by the College, board can be secured at \$9.50 per month. These fees payable on matriculation.

CHAS. C. THACH, A. M., LL. D.,

President.